invented outside it.'C

"I don't know "

pension there."

'Not going to friends?"

"I am going to an old friend of my mother's," and then, with a sudden rush of confidence, "she is badly off and keeps a

I want to see everything in the world. I think one ought, and somehow I will."

evidently she took no interest in what might or might not content him.

"I'm going down," she said; "It is time."
"Have you got a good state room?"
"Yes, thank you, and a woman who ap-

Caused by an Impure Condition of the Blood.

IF NEGLECTED THEY WILL GROW WORSE AND SERIOUS RESULTS WILL FOL-LOW - HOW RHEUMATISM CAN BE PERMANENTLY CURED.

From the Mirror, Manchester, N. H. Rheumatism is one of the most painful of the many troubles which afflict mankind. In its mildest form the aches and stiffness are enough to seriously distract the mind and interfere both with comfort and with work, and, as it grows worse-for it never will cure itself and it never stands still-it becomes more and more painful, the stiffness spreads, and, frequently, the sufferer is reduced to a helpless condition-a physical wreck, tortured when still and unable to move without agony. It is a disease which cannot with safety be neglected.

But it can be cared if a proper course of treatment is taken. The real cause of rheumatism is the presence of acid in the blood and the only cure is to purify, nourish and strengthen this vital finid. If this is accomplised the pains and the stiffness will vanish and new life and vigor will come. The best specific jet dis overed for this purpose is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and the number of cares they have effected in cases of this dreadful discree is wonderful. Mrs. S. D. Loveland, of No. 133 Vest Hancock street. Manchester, N. H., was a red of a severe attack of rheumatism by the se of this remedy. She

by a fall. About the first of June, 1897, rheumatism set in and at last of so had that I could not bend my knee. It was very painful and I was unable to move about. I ried various remedles, but not one of them relieved me in any way. "In the latter part of August, nearly three months after the pain and stiffness began, a friend, Mrs. Rothwell, of Everett, Mass., told me of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I willingly gave them a trial and experienced relief in a few days. I contin ed until I had taken three boxes and was able to bend the knee and go up and down stairs wishe t difficulty. I have ce taken the pills a n ther of times for other troubles and always with good results.

"I have recommended by Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People many times I have not learned with what effect they were taken, excepting in the case of two of my relatives and a young greatly benefited. I feel that I cannot say too much in favor of the pills ' MES. S. D. LOVELAND.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of February, 1901.

JOHN G. LANE. Notary Public All the elements necessary to give new life and

richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained, in a condensed form, in Dr. Willfams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow eeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all ases arising from mental strain, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company Schenectady, N. Y.

ODORS FROM THE KITCHEN

HOW TO COOK WITHOUT UNPLEAS-ANT SMELLS IN THE HOUSE.

Preventives Are All Simple and Easily to

Written for The Evening Star.

dealing with those in the kitchen an and most offensive of all, ping or sputtering over, which a very little care in range management prevents. The acrid smell of burnt or scorched things is mer on the range is a fruitful source of ill of washing soda in a galion of boiling you empty cooking vessels pour in soda water an inch deep, shake it well all around the sides and leave until washing time. If

which smell to heaven, may have their scent somewhat abated by a little care in the boiling. The odor comes from their esre wanted and left to souk in weak, cold

will come with it-further, the spongy crust will have kept it from vaporizing. Cauli-flower not quite fresh always smells treflower not quite fresh always smells tremendously. The best thing for it is a scald in weak salt water, boiling hot, before the cold soaking. If the heads are big, cut them into pieces, so as to make sure of retaining the cold scale of the cold s moving every bit of discolored curd. Even when summer heat puts an open

newspapers, will set up a purifying draught and help to free the kitchen of unpleasant odors. Failing an open tireplace, the kitchen ought to have a range bood. There are hoods and hoods—at almost any price you choose, from the big burnished copper affairs, in the great hotels, to the modest sheet iron contrivance, which is an integral part of so many among the newest stoves. There is a movable hood, working up and down like the shutter of a roll-top desk, that is, in theory, all a hood ought to be—with something to spare—but in practice, has proved much less satisfactory than the

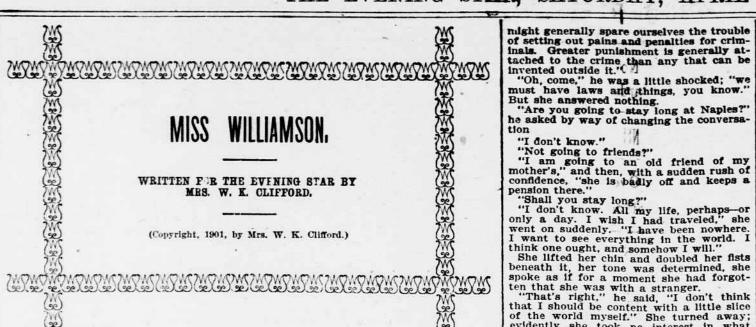
No mechanical contrivance can wholly make up for the lack of care and intelli-gence in the cook-notwithstanding it is a fact that a hood well set, in a large measure, carries away the fumes of food. The manner of setting will depend on the size and location of the flue. The lower edge ought to be high enough to be quite out of the way, yet not so high as to either miss or deflect the ascending hot-air column. It may seem at first a costly betterment for no direct material benefit, but a year's use will show the money to have been well spent. Not to name present and everyday comfort, all things keep much better in a well-aired house. Smells are but the cognizable signs of air conditions that breeds mold, rust and must. Metal tar-nishes and fabrics decay twice as quickly in heavy and musty air as in that which is clean and bracing. clean and bracing.

A kitchen with neither hood nor fireplace ould at least have a trumpet ventilator. This is only a tin tube with a widely flaring mouth, crooked body and narrow upper end. It should be set in the wall above the range, with the flaring mouth, which curves over and downward, against The narrow ends go inside the projecting just enough to secure good draught. The efficacy of this device, a makeshift at best, depends mainly upon the size and smoothness of the flaring mouth, and the tightness of the setting in

Hints for the Home.

Inkstains on boards may be removed with either strong vinegar or salts of lemons. Another plan, in case the others fail. is to scour the boards with sand wetted with water, in which a few drops of oil of vitriol have been mixed, and then to rinse them with soda water

To render cloth waterproof stir one ounce of sugar of lead and one ounce of pow-lered alum into a gallon of rainwater, and when clear pour off the liquid. Soak the cloth in this for twenty-four hours, and when dry, it will be found quite rainproof. Material treated in this manner should not



Edward Travers had been taking out a year's leave in England. The cold had worried him a good deal, and country houses and London society alike bored him, but he had struggled through the winter, even to the end of the Easter holidays. Then he sprained his foot, which obliged him to lie up and gave him time for reflection. Let it be said here that he was four and thirty and good-looking. He cared little for frivolities, he read books when they were not too stodgy, but he was neither particularly learned nor even highly cultured. He had agreeable manners and pleasant instincts; he was affectionate to his sisters, though he could get along well enough without them; stanch to his friends, though he did not care to see too much of them, or easily make acquaintances. As for falling in love, it simply did not occur to him; life was pleasant enough; why complicate it with untried conditions?

"I think I shall go and do a travel," he said to his mother when his foot was bet-ter. "There are some ships that go from Liverpool along the Mediterranean. From Genoa I could easily get to Milan and the woman living in my fa hy each of whom was greatly benefited. I feel that I cannot say too much in favor of the pills."

Italian lakes, over a pass into Switzerland and wait there for you all." The Travers family went to the Engadine every August as naturally as it went to church every Sunday. "Then we could be together till I had to hurry back to the coast and catch ship for Bombay." It was a peculiarity of his that the laying out of a program meant, as a rule, a sense of obligation to carry it through.

Tom Darton went down to Liverpool to see him off. The Arab was not to sail till 3. So they lunched at the hotel, and were as silent as old chums often are—they had been at Woolwich together—when a parting is at hand. Darton tried to talk of the people and doings they both remembered; but it was no good. Then he noticed a woman, quietly dressed in some sort of dark woolen stuff, and a little hat close fitting and soft, lunching alone at the next table. She was thin and careworn looking, even a little insignificant at the first glance, and not young—three or four and thirty, perhaps. There was some-thing pathetic about her. There was a half-hunted look in her eyes that arrested attention. "I think I have seen her before," Dar-

ton said; "her face seems to be familiar.
Wonder who she is?"
"Sensible anyhow," Travers answered.
"Mutton chop and a glass of claret. I can't stand a woman who has a poached egg and a cup of tea in the middle of the day. You may take it as a wretty safe. day. You may take it as a pretty safe rule that she doesn't know much and is tiresome." Then the talk drifted into other

channels and the solitary woman was forgotten. Late in the afternoon when Travers stood watching the shore retreating into the al-ready dim distance he saw the slim figure Odors are subtle withal searching. In again. She was leaning over the side of the ship watching the distance, too, with dealing with those in the kitchen an ounce of prevention is worth at least a ton of cure. The heavy smell of stale grease, most clinging and most offensive of all, went down. An expression of pain and vexation escaped him; it was mortifying to measure his length at a strange woman's feet. She turned quickly and put out a hand to help him, but it was unnecessary, "You are hurt," she said. "You must be

hurt," and her tone was half frightened, half compassionate. "It's nothing," he answered, "thank you very much. I sprained my foot pretty badly six weeks ago and ought to be more careful."

"Of course, you ought, a sprain is such a water, and keep a bottle of it handy. As slow thing to recover from." Her voice its way right into his heart; but his foot was hurting and she saw it.

"Sit down and rest," she said, "you are in pain. This floor is so slippery-stay, let me get you a deck chair.

"This will do quite well." He sat down gracefully on the seat along the bulwarks. while she remained standing beside him. "They made me try the new dodge," he explained, "walking. It is rather weak still; gives way at unexpected moments." "You ought to rest it well." she sald, still compassionate, "but you will be able to do that easily on board ship."

"I am only going as far as Genoa. I wanted to make my way from there over the St. Gothard and do some walking."

"It won't be safe," she said, and looked up with an air of conviction that was improved the safe. pressive. He saw that her eyes were gray, deep and clear, and that the half-hunted look of the morning had gone from them. "You must not walk for a long time," she added, "at least, not much." There was an irresistible magnetism about her; he felt it in every word she said.

"It is a great bore," he said, and there was a pause. Then suddenly he asked, "Didn't I see you lunching at the North Western today?"

sengers.

"The orange trees will be in bloom; but it doesn't do to stay there long-so unhealthy. "I am going to stay above it at Posilip-

po, she spoke, reluctantly.
"I know Posilippo, There's a little res-

taurant up there, where one goes to breakfast, you know."

"I don't know anything about it yet, she answered, distantly. "I have never been there." She turned as if to go below, then hesitated. "You must be careful of hesitated. "You must be careful of your foot," she said. "Could I fetch you a stick, or give you an arm back to the stairs, if you are going down?" He manner was quite indifferent. It showed no desire in it to strike up acquaintance-rather the reverse. She was evidently merely doing her Christian duty toward a

stranger. "Oh, I shall manage all right," he said, on, I shan manage an right, he said, gratefully, and she slowly went her way. "She doesn't look more than eight and twenty when she speaks," he thought. "Wonder who she is—probably a strolling spinster." for he had noticed that she wore no wedding ring on the third finger of her left hand. "Perhaps dissatisfied and restless, as women of her age often are. But she's rather nice. I like her, some-

An hour or two later, when he sat down for the first time to dinner on board the Arab, he found that his place was next

"We are to be neighbors for a whole week," he said, "unless you object?"
'I am not likely to object. Why should She was very unsophisticated, he thought.

"People sometimes become very intimate on board ship in a week, then say good-bye and usually never set eyes on each other again. I often watch them on the way

"Do you travel so much, then?" "I have been to and fro a good deal. I am a soldier. Going back to India in Octoam a soldier. Going back to India in Octo-ber—on leave till then." He paused, think-ing she might give him some information about herself, but she said nothing. He noticed that she had a beautifully shaped head and soft brown hair that grew close round her ears, and was colled up very simply at the back. She looked up once, as if trying to take in the evidently novel scene ally you felt that there was something almost beautiful about her; but her attractions came out slowly, and one by one, as stars in the twilight. "Do you know any of the people here?" he asked, simply to make talk.

"Not a soul" at the same and the same asked.

"Not a soul," she answered. "I don't want to know them," she added, half to herself.

visible by this time tomorrow-perhaps you

"Oh, no," she answered, with a little shudder, "nothing will hurt me. I mean shudder, "nothing will hurt me. I mean to sit on deck all the time and feel the four winds of heaven"

"Blowing away the cares of life, eh?"
A sudden idea seemed to dart from her syes. "Yes, blowing them all away," she said. "I wonder if they will?"

"I wonder if they will?" to sit on deck all the time and feel the four winds of heaven"

said. "I wonder if they will?"

"Oh, no," she answered with a little she seemed unwilling to talk, but he shudder. "I hate being alone." Then she

HE STOOD BY HER LEANING ON THE RAIL.

liked her for it. He hated people who disappeared into the darkness; he felt as if snatched at a new acquaintance, who chattered at tables d'hote and hung about hotels to attract attention; they belonged to with himself for trying to draw her out; her, but for the life of him he couldn't

She disappeared quickly when the dinner was over, but he saw her an hour later. He grew tired of the smoking place and the group that filled it and went to try if, with the help of a stick and under cover of the darkness, he could manage to drag his foot along for a few turns on deck; he meant to be careful this time and not to sprawl on the floor. Then he saw her leaning over the bulwark again The lamps from the saloon shed blurred lengths of light on the waves that broke softly against the ship, while the entrancing sound of cutting through the water, of going onward and away that always excited him at the beginning of a voyage made an accompaniment to the stirring in his heart. He passed quite near her and was rather ashamed of it, but it was so dark that at first he had not really mad her out. She looked up and recognized

"Ought you to be walking," she asked "Is your foot better?" "It is getting all right, thank you-only a little stiff." He hesitated, then said shyly, nodding to the distance, "May I come and look out, too?"

She made a movement of assent, and he stood by her, leaning on the rail as she was doing. She looked at him for a moment, the shadows seemed to make way for her face, and he saw it quite clearly. It gave him a little thrill, and he wondered what it meant; for he was a hard-ened sinner, he thought, four and thirty, with the remembrance of many seasons not only in England, but of Simla; never to love in his life, or, at least, only once for a month, when he was nineteen, with Dolly Ronaldson, who laughed at him and married the curate. He was used to P. and O.'s, too, up to the ways of enterpris-ing damsels and giddy grass widows, ready to beguile the monotony of a voyage in any way to which the other sex would respond. And yet, for no reason at all that could define, here was this little woman in black, with a pale face and a pair of big eyes stealing over his senses and rousing not only his curiosity, but some sort of feeling that made him eager to listen to her, grateful to stand beside her, and that set him wondering about her past and future. Quite suddenly she asked a

"I wish you would tell me your name? "Travers," he answered quickly. "Edward Travers. I know who you are," he added. She started a little and looked at him; it seemed as if she held her breath. He thought she resented his curiosity. "Miss Henrietta Williamson. I saw it in

the passenger list." "And you are traveling alone."

"No one even to see you off today?"
"No one." Then she asked him something else. "Tell me who you are. I know your name quite well."
"My governor's name, I expect you mean;

he's a judge, you know."
"I have seen him—somewhere," she added, after a moment's hesitation. "I have heard that he is a very kind man."
"Awfully kind. It breaks his heart if he has to hang anybody." Some one on the piano below played a German air. He stopped for a moment and listened. "That tune brings back things," he said. "We used to call it the long Indian day at Simla."

'It's a 'Herz, mein Herz.' "It makes me think of the Waylett case ast year." turned and looked at him again. Her face flashed something that was like de-

"My father was trying it. We were waiting for the verdict at home—just be-fore dinner—for it was late when it finished. We felt certain she would be found guilty, and we knew what it would be for my father to sentence her, because he was so sorry for her. And it's an awful thing, you know, for any one to be hanged, especially a woman" cially a woman."

"What has 'Herz, mien Herz' to do with it?" she asked. She had put her elbows on the rail, and, supporting her chin on her hands, was looking straight out to sea "A brass band was playing it in the

square when the telegram came—he always telegraphs his big verdicts home. Ten min-

"Well, they are rather an ungodly-looking too."

set. Most of them will probably be in"Besides," she said, almost bitterly, "we as if we had known each

Ten days later the Arab had battled across the Bay of Biscay into calm seas, coaled at Gibraltar, ploughed through the treacherous Gulf of Lyons and was within a few hours of Genoa. It seemed to Edward Travers that he had lived years since he left Liverpool-long, satisfying, dreamy years. Miss Williamson had proved herself as excellent a sailor as he himself was and they had been almost inseparable. Their companionship was for the most part a silent one; neither was a great talker but each seemed instinctively and almost unconsciously to seek the other if they were but an hour apart. Through long days of rough weather, when everything was battened down, and all the other passengers were invisible, they sat in the sa-loon; reading generally, but sending now and then a look or word across the space between them, till it was possible to creep out to the deck once more. Then, as a



Her Arms Around His Neck.

matter of course, they went together, for an hour at first, and then for whole long hours that sped as the ship did through the rushing water. Gradually the air became rusning water. Gradually the air became like velvet, and happiness seemed to be softly stealing over the sea and toward their ship—or so he felt. To her it was different. The sound of the screw, the calming of the leaping waves, the sight of a distant sail and of nothing else save sea and sky, the long deck, and the white awnand sky, the long dees, and the white awning that had just been put up over it, the wonderful morning when she first saw Gibraltar and the dim African shore far away, everything seemed to burn its memory into her heart and soul. She neither leaded forward per hackward the first looked forward nor backward; she just dared to live and that was all. Love, and remembered hate, despair, desperation and maddening dread each had their hold of ner in turn.

Travers found her difficult and reticent. hough now she allowed him to stay beside her on deck or in the saldon, as naturally as he took his place beside her at dinner, as he took his place beside her at dinner, and gradually she waited and watched for him. Most of the other passengers had been invisible till the night they sighted the lights of Lisbon. The two people who had seen each other casually for the first time at the Liverpool hotel seemed to have inherited a world to themselves, and, if the woman stared fate in the eyes dumfounded, the man was unafraid. He knew perfectly that he had fallen in love with Miss Williamson, that all the years that had been his hills of defense were leveled under her passing footstep. He hungered, thirsted, panted, to know more of her, to thirsted, panted, to know more of her, to wake her from the half sorry dream that it struck him sometimes she had found life, to rouse her into happiness from the sad apology for it that he imagined the world made her now, to know everything about her, above all, to see the gray eyes, that he could gweet remembered sorrow. thirsted, panted, to know more of her, to that he could swear remembered sorrow, that he could swear remembered sorrow, light up with love—and love of him.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "I have come a cropper this time, and for a woman I had not set eyes on ten days ago. What an ass I am! But she's like no one

I ever saw on earth before. If I could only make her care for me, what a time telegraphs his big verdicts home. Ten minutes later he came in. He had summed up in her favor—"

"Yes?" her voice was faint as if she took but little interest in the subject.

"For he said that even if she had done it the man was such a brute that he deserved it. I believe some of the jury felt that, too."

only make her care for me, what a time I'd give her in India." He was not going to leave the ship at Genoa. He remembered that it was four years since he had seen Naples, that it would be rather a good idea to go on; besides, he told her, it was better for his foot, which was getting strong; a few days more would make a difference to it.

other for years," he said as they sat on their deck chairs that night. The watch had just been changed, there had been a rumor of phosphorescence, the air was soft and warm; the breath of Italy was in it: the delicious sound of the water was "Oh, come," he was a little shocked; "we must have laws and things, you know." But she answered nothing.
"Are you going to stay long at Naples?" he asked by way of changing the conversation. it; the delicious sound of the water was in their ears, the whole world seemed half an enchantment. "Tomorrow we shall be at Genoa. We ought to land for a little while; I should like to show you the

"I am sorry we are coming to the land again," she said. "I should like to stay on the sea forever, yet I want to see every-"How is it you have never been away

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. He knew as little about her as he had done on the day they met first. She listened to everything he sald concerning him-self, but she told him nothing of her own "Perhaps you had relations to look after?"

"Yes, I had them to look after," she hes-"Yes, I had them to look after," sne nesitated; then she went on." "There were a great many of us at home, and I was the eldest. We were poor, and had no time to go about. I used to teach my little sisters their French verbs and make them play their scales till I was eighteen. That was ten years ago—I feel like a haggard old woman, but I am only eight and twenty—" "But you have not just left home—"

woman, but I am only eight and twenty—
"But you have not just left home—"
"I left it when I was nineteen. I went—
to take care of some one. I don't want to
talk about it," she added, "but I have
never had any happiness—never in my life—
and I have longed for it so much." Then,
with a quiet jerk of her voice, she went on.
"You spoke of the Waylett case the other "You spoke of the Waylett case the other night; your father tried it, do you remember? I knew that woman—and I have longed for happiness just as she did—"
"You knew her?" He was almost startled.
"Yes: I knew her your wall."

Yes; I knew her very well."
Do you think she did it?"

"I can't tell you that, but I know that she married him to escape from poverty and worry. He treated her shamefully; he grudged every penny she spent or cost and my moment's peace that seemed possible The world is better without such men. If she killed him she lost her soul in doing a righteous deed, and it was her desperate for happiness that made her do it-

if she did do it, I say."
"What I couldn't stand about her was that, after she was acquitted, she calmly proved his will and took his money. He couldn't have been such a very bad chap, for he left her all he had." "He couldn't take it with him," she said,

"Do you know what became of her?" "She disappeared-I suppose she is an outcast forever." "Well, crime or no crime, she hasn't gained happiness yet." "People never gain it; they only pursue

'By heaven," he said, with sudden emo-"what an awful thing to be that wo-"But there are so many awful things in the world," she said. "It's just a chance which variety we draw." You must have suffered horribly," he said, uneasily, "to speak as you have done

"Perhaps." "Anyhow, you're not as badly off as the Waylett woman is, if she did it. I mean you've nothing on your mind."
"No." she said, "I suppose not. I have "I suppose not. I have certainly done nothing that I would not do over again; though I suppose we have all done some things that we regret." She looked over her shoulder in the odd way that characterized her, as if she were half afraid of the dark. "But sometimes we do such desperate things to gain happiness." such desperate things to gain happiness,' she said almost in a whisper, "only to lose its possibility. We are like slaves who make a desperate struggle for freedom and only make their captivity worse." "Why do you harp on so much happiness" I wish you would tell me about yourself," he said suddenly. "Is it—I mean, have you cared for some one?"

"No," she said in a low voice. "I have never loved any one," she hesitated almost as if she were going to say "before," and chose her words carefully, "in the way you mean—in my whole life. Perhaps that is really the tragedy of it." "Won't you trust me?" he said hoarsely.

"We have only known each other a few days, but we have hurrled years into them. I feel toward you as I never felt yet toward a woman, but when I reach out to you in my thoughts it is into the un-known or the darkness—" she ech

Tell me about yourself," he said passionately. He rose and pulled her gently from her seat, and putting his arm about her waist drew her gently toward the end of the ship. It was dark and none could see them, the deck was deserted and none could hear. "Trust me with your whole life. Tell me if I may care for you, if ou could ever come to think of me. is such a little while since we met, but we are not strangers. I feel as if we had started out from opposite ends of the world to meet each other." 'I have felt it, too," and, as if against

er will, she drew closer to him.
"I love you," he said. "I swear I love A little sound came from her lips. She put her arms up softly round his neek.
"I think it is killing me," she whispered

"No-no, it is all right," he answered; we are not fools, we can't nave made a mistake. We love each other and there is no reason why we should not—" "Love you," she said; "I feel as if I stood by heaven's open door-but I shall never "You will! You shall! We will walk its whole length together. Oh, my beloved weman, whom God has given me." Bu

she only shuddered at his words.
"God will take me from you," she said. 'Why should He be so cruel?" "Say you love me, say it again. It goes through me," she said desperately. "I love you," he repeated. "I love you," and he held her in his arms and kissed her stood still to let them drink deep of love. Suddenly through the darkness they heard

footsteps. "Who is it?" she cried, starting.
"It is only the captain," Travers said. 'How nervous you are!"
"He frightened me," she whispered. "I 'A dark night," said the captain, cheerlly; "doesn't look as if we should be at Genoa in the morning, does it?"

'What time do we get in?' "About 7, I hope, and out again at night. Just a day there," and he passed on.
"A long, good day." Travers said, as he turned to her again. But she held him way further.
"I cannot," she said. "I cannot! Let me

go. Tomorrow you will understand." He took the hands she was holding out, and you again," she went on, under her breath, 'I have never loved any one in my whole

away, and in a moment she had vanished altogether.

A gray, damp morning; the beauty of Genoa hidden in mist and rain. Travers. Genoa hidden in mist and rain. Travers, lying in his cabin, woke with the sound of the drip-dripping on the deck. "Italy and rain," he thought. "I won't get up till the bell rings. It may clear up in a couple of bours. "To can do nothing in a downpour." hours-we can do nothing in a downpour." There were footsteps overhead. Some one There were footsteps overhead. Some one was going on shore, ship's officers, probably, to get fresh food for breakfast. He heard the sound of a boat being let down, the splash of oars as it went toward land, but it was no concern of his. He dozed off, wondering what she would say when she met him; he could not divine in his hazy thoughts the manner of hour they would spend next; but time would make it plain. spend next; but time would make it plain.

Why hurry or forestall it?

It was 9 o'clock when he awoke. The breakfast bell had rung. He dressed quickly, but before he was ready some one breakfast at his door. nocked at his door. It was the steward with a letter.

"Miss Williamson gave it to me this morning, sir. She changed her mind about going to Naples, and was put ashore with her luggage; she said she was going by train some-where else." Travers took the letter with-out a word. He shut the door and stood staring at it, listening the while to the stering at it, listening the while to the steward's retreating steps along the pass-age; they sounded like the drawing back of life. Then he tore open the envelope. It contained a little bit of folded newspaper and a note, which he read at a glance:
"I told you that I stood on the steps before the open door of heaven; now I am closing it upon myself forever, Good-bye,"

He put it down bewildered and unfolded the bit of newspaper. It was evidently a cutting—a portrait of Miss Williamson, badly reproduced, but unmistakable. Under it was printed: "Mrs. Waylett. Acquitted last week for murdering her husband." Against it, in pencil, was the date of a year ago, and the words, "I did it." He looked at them stupefied for a moment. Then he remembered her kisses, and her arms, how they had stolen closer and closer round his neck. The steward came again a little later. "Beg pardon, sif; but shall I bring you some the bit of newspaper. It was evidently a cut-

pardon, sif; but shall I bring you some breakfast?" "No, no; I am coming." He reached out his hand for a match case and setting fire to the letter and the bit of newspaper, watched them slowly burn away. Then he gathered up the ashes, and, lest any one should enter and divine what they had been, he put them through the porthole; and a groan escaped him, but he did not see them as they vanished or know the direction in which the wind scattered them.
(The end.)

IN THE CHURCHES

Mr. E. O. Sellers of Macon, Ga., has accepted a position with the Young Men's Christian Association of this city as one of the secretaries, and will enter upon the discharge of his new duties May 1. Mr. Sellers is expected to devote most of his time to membership work. For some time past he has been the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Macon, Ga., where he has made a fine record. It is stated that he took up the work there when things were in an unpromising condition, and has brought their building to completion without a debt upon it. He stands high in the esteem of the people of that city generally. It is understood that some of those who

may be termed advanced thinkers in church matters are considering the advisability of establishing in connection with one of the large churches a nursery, similar to and upon the plan of one recently opened at Broaddus Memorial Baptist Church, Richmond, Va. In talking with a Star reporter on the subject Mr. B. F. Johnson, the founder of the institution, said: "Surely if there is any one in the world who stands in need of the means of grace which the church services and the Bible school fur-nishes it is the mother. A good Scotch woman used to say that she loved to think of heaven as a place where she might sit all the Sabbath with her hands folded on Sabbath rest for their hearts. It is the want of a rested heart that makes the burdens on our hands so heavy, and our mothers need a chance to sit with folded hands for an hour on the Sabbath day singing psalms. The Broaddus Memorial Nursery has been planned to provide this opportunity, and we are anxious that the opportunity shall be taken by every mother within reach of it. We want to lighten the burden of every mother in our neighbor hood and to bring more sunshine into the babes grow up we want to bring them into our Bible school and into our church work and- into communion with our common

sity and Mr. Carroll D. Wright, United States commissioner of labor, have accepted invitations to attend the third annual which will be held July 2 to 19. The school will have for its broad theme of investiga-tion "The Christian Minister's Relation to Social Questions." Professors Taussig and Carver of Harvard and J. B. Clark of Cohumbla University will deal with the more strictly economic phases of the problem. President Eliot, Prof. F. C. Peabody, Prof. Kerby, Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Booker T. Washington, Robert A. Woods of the South End House, Boston, and Dean Hodges of the Episcopal School, Cambridge, will lecture on the more practical aspects of the question, President Eliot's topic, "The Voluntary Church and Its Ministry," being the most notable. Of the lecturers on the ethical and theological aspects of the question Prof. George, Herbert, Polymer, Prof. Sec. Prof. George Herbert Palmer, Prof.-elect W. W. Fenn of the Harvard Divinity School, Prof. H. C. King of Oberlin, Presi-dent Hyde of Bowdoin College and Dr. A. H. Bradford are the best known

The members of the Episcopal Church of the diocese of Washington are to be given an opportunity, it is understood, to con-tribute toward a fund for a Protestant Episcopal diocese in the Philippines. The move-ment has been started by the Church Club of New York, at the solicitation of Gen. F. V. Greene. It has invited other clubs to assist in the work and wants contributions from all who are willing to help in this manner. Episcopal work was started in Ma-nila by Rev. Dr. C. C. Pierce, an army chaplain, who had no thought of such a course until a party of Filipino men waited "I have never loved any one in my whole formally upon him and asked him to give life before—I mean, in this way. It has them a celebration of the holy communion,

changed everything." She drew her hands which they explained they had been with out for some months. A church house was established and some tent work was done among soldiers. In the former the services were attended almost exclusively by the official class. The enterprise of the New York Church Club is looked upon as the more unusual because Episcopal leaders have been putting greatest emphasis upon the necessity of entering Havana,

Rev. Arsene B. Schamavonian, who for some years has been pastor of the Con-gregational Church at Falls Church, Va., has accepted a call to the Clarendon Hills Congregational Church, Hyde Park, Mass

Persons interested in the Summer Church School at Northfield, Mass., have been notified through a provisional program that more extensive preparations are being made for the summer conferences to be held at that place than ever before. Mr. John R. Mott, who made such a successful presiding officer in the men's student conference last year, will have charge of the presiding officer in the men's student conference last year, will have charge of the young women's conference. Robert E. Speer, R. A. Torrey, C. I. Scofield, Charles Erdman, Mrs. Margaret Sangster, all of whom are well known to Northfield audiences, have, it is stated, accepted invitations to take part in the exercises. Others who are expected to speed any Royal Dres. who are expected to speak are Revs. Drs.
M. D. Babcock of New York and John
Douglass Adams of Brooklyn, also Mrs.
Montgomery of Rochester, whose addresses at the ecumenical conference in New York

last May attracted much attention.
Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, who comes from England to succeed the late D. L. Moody as the head of the various divisions of church work, will have a prominent part at all the summer conferences, which will doubtless register the official beginning of his work in America. One whole day is to

From 25,000 to 30,000 delegates are expected to attend the International Christian Endeavor convention at Cincinnati July 6 Endeavor convention at Cincinnati July 6 to 10. The city has made large plans for the gathering and the program promises unusual excellence. The opening session will be Saturday evening. This is an innovation, but will give the local constituency, especially those involved in the mechanical side of the great meeting, a full day's atside of the great meeting, a full day's at-tendance early in the convention, and one without interruption.

Among the speakers already secured are Drs. Babcock, Barrows, Burrell, Boynton, Chapman, Gunsaulus, Hoyt, Tomkins, Sheldon and Hall, with President Chapen of the American board, Secretary Ryder, Robert E. Speer, Booker T. Washington, Gen. O. O. Howard and W. R. Moody.

Much interest is felt among the Catholics of the city, and indeed of the entire coun try, in the passage by the chamber of depu-tles of France of a law which aims at the dissolution of all the religious orders in that country. The bill not only provides for the dissolution of all orders which lead a community life, but alms at the confiscation of all property owned by these orders, including churches, colleges, hospitals and schools. Another aim of the bill is the complete

secularization of education, which to a considerable extent is now in the hands of such orders as the Jesuits, the Christian Brothers, the Lazarists, the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart and other similar orders. A prominent Catholic priest, who formerly lived in France and who is familiar with the situation there, said a day or two ago that it would be absolutely impossible to indicate what will be the result if the bill in its

present form is enacted into law.
"France," he continued, "has undertaken similar schemes before, but after the laws had been enacted they were never en-ferced, or only for a time. At present if the law was strictly enforced the Jesuits the law was strictly enforced the Jesuits could not live in community life, but they are still living that way. For several years the Jesuits have been tolerated and that is all. Of course, if the law of associations is rigidly enforced it will be a her clean white apron and sing psalms to be a hardship to her heart's content—those hands were so the members of the orders, as well as to the members of the orders, as well as to tired. There are so many mothers with the Catholic people of France. In that tired hands today because they need the most likely be separated into groups of from five to eight, and live as an ordinary This, of course, cannot be prevented. In the case of the large colleges and houses of studies, of course, they will have to be removed just as the Jesuits did once before, taking several of the colleges to England, where they remained until the storm blew over.

New Hats and Gowns.

Dressmakers are preparing many black tollets. A very lovely gown is in black velvet, with straps of satin stitched on the skirt, the bolero corsage opening over a narrow vest of black silk, embroidered in white, with turnover collar and cuffs to correspond. The waistband, also in the same embroidery, is pointed in front and very narrow at the back. Black satin is again much used for both evening and day toilets-the supple, rather dull satin which drapes so becomingly. This material is generally trimmed with black velvet, either in points, reaching from the hem to half way up the skirt, tapering off by the knee, or in the old-fashioned bands, mounted or the bias ruffle that is so often used in well-

cut skirts. Crepe de chine is enormously worn new, very fine make, embroidered in dull paillettes, being immensely sought after, but the price is prohibitory for most purses. An exquisite house gown is made in this fine crape, with soft underflounces of plaited mousseline de soie. The robe is princess in form, the long sleeves opening over white mousseline de sole ander-sleeves with a very fine jet embroidery running round the edges of the front and where the crepe de chine joins the flounces of mousseline de soie. The neck, slightly decollete, is finished by an old-fashioned pointed collar of point de venise lace. A high dog collar of jet beads is worn with this dress.

is dressed almost invariably low on the ck. Indeed, the angle that the hats are built upon forces us to wear the hair in careless fashion and fill out the spaces at the back with much waving and puffing at the sides and a full, loose chignon at the back. This means that very high collars are going out of fashion, a dog collar of jet often replacing the dress collar with black gowns or a pointed lace collar in many instances where the neck is full and



Indorsed for Women

Timmonsville, S. C., August 4, 1900. I have had the "whites" for two years. Nothing would cure me until I began using Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught. Now I am a well woman. Miss ALICE CARTER.

Thousands of women before Miss Carter found out that Wine of Cardui would relieve leucorrhoea. She need not have endured the dragging torture two years. Why do you continue suffering that baneful malady when thousands of women indorse Wine of Cardui as a cure? Mrs. Waters suffered six years and tried twenty-five doctors to no avail. Two bottles of Wine of Cardui cured her. Hundreds of others could be quoted as Miss Carter and Mrs. Waters are. If only one woman in the world had been cured by

WINE OF CARDUI

it would pay you to try it. But every woman who tries it gets a permanent cure or some substantial benefit. You should not suffer another day when Wine of Cardui, at \$1.00 a bottle, will stop that nerve-racking distress. Can you conscientiously ignore this positive relief offered you?

Murray, Ala., August 7, 1900. I have been down with the "whites," but two bottles of Wine of Cardui and two packages of Thedford's Black-Draught made me well. I have suffered six years, during which time I tried twenty-five doctors and got no relief. My husband told me to try your medicine, and I did. So

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

I am well. I told about fifty other women about it. Mrs. SUSIE WATERS.